Bombay Gazette.

VOLUME XXXIX.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1ST 1828. [NUMBER 2000.

PROCLAMATION.

Bombay to wit. BY Virtue of a Precept to me directed, I hereby proclaim and give Notice, that a Sessions of Oyer and Terminer, and General Gaol Delivery will be holden before the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, at the Court House in the Town Hall, in Bombay, on Tuesday the Fourteenth day of October Next, at Eleven o'Clock in the forenoon, for the trial of all Treasons, Murders, and other Felonies, Perjuries, Trespasses and other Crimes and Misdemeanors, had, done, or committed within the Town and Island of Bombay, and the limits thereof and the territories subordinate thereto; and also to inquire hear and determine, in like manner, all Treasons Murders, Felonies, Forgeries, Perjuries, Crimes, Extortions, Misdemeanors, Trespasses, Wrongs, and Oppressions, had, done, and committed by any of his Majesty's British subjects in any of the Territories which now are subject to or dependant upon the said Government of Bombay, or within any of the Dominions of the Native Princes of India in alliance with the said Government.

And also that, at the same time and place, will be holden a Sessions of Admiralty for the Trial of all Treasons, Murders, Piracies, Robberies, Trespasses, Misdemeanors, and other crimes and offences, had, done, perpetrated or committed on the High Seas.

And I hereby require and enjoin all persons bound to prosecute and give evidence at the above Sessions, or in any way concerned therein, to attend at the time and place above mentioned, and not to depart without leave of the Court. Dated this Twenty fourth day of September in the Ninth year of the Reign of His Majesty King George IV.

JAMES BITTLE,
Sheriff.

શ્રેષ્ઠ • નાં પુ *

(શ્રી• મુમ્બઇ•ના•)શ્રી મુમ્બઇ•ના•શ્રીયૂને•રીકેમ•થાર્મિયિ•તેથી•કુ•શરીફ્•ખ્ય ર•કીમાંથી•જાહેર• કરેમાં•શ્રી•મુંબઇ ના•જુડીકેટરની•ઓપરીત•કોરટ•માઝાલ(રિ કોર્ડ)ખેશરો•જે•ઠકાણે•કોરટ•ભરેય•તેજ•થે ઇથી•શ્રી•મુંબઇના•કોરટ• ખાસે•મંડાવ•વાર ને•દીને•તારીખ• ૧૪ મી• આવતા•અકટો બર• મહીનાની•કિ• કલાક• ૧૧ ના• પેહેલે પીકોરના•રોકાત•નરારો*

અને•તેજ• જગો• ઉપર• તેજ•વેલાકિ• માડગીરાવટી•રોકાત• કિલજે•દરીમાવરહી• ખાતાનાં•નમાવની•શાલા• ખેશરા શાવાકિ• જેદીક•માણારાનો• ટેનટો•અથવા•ખુ ન•અ થવા•વાંકાણારોની• ચોરી• અથવા•દરીમા નાં•ચોરીમા•ચોરી• અથવા•તરકટ•અથવા• કરેક•ખોજ•તકસીરનો•દાવો•કોઈ•ને•માણસ પીનાનો•મુદો•પરો•કરવા•શારુ•જે દાકોડી ઉપર•આપેલ•ન•દાકોડ•નથા•ઉપર•કોપે લા•ગુનાહો• નાકાં•કિલ્લા• ચુવાકીમાગર• શારકી•માપે•મને•પોને•કાજર•થાકે•અવ• માણસો•કોરટનાં• હોકમ• વગર•કોરટમાં થી•બકિ•નંકો•—તારીખ• ૨૪ મી• શપટેમ બર•નથા•મંગરેજના• પાદશાહ•ચોથા•વ રશ•નવમુ*

જેમીશ•લીટલ
શરીફ્•

NOTICE.

MR. JOHN GILDER, Partner in the Firm of Messrs. James Cockburn and Co. of Devonshire Square, London, having recently arrived from England, begs to announce that the management of Messrs. Cockburn and Co's. Agency in Bombay is withdrawn from Messrs. Gilder De Souza and Co. and will in future be conducted under his superintendence. It is therefore respectfully requested that all orders and remittances on account of Messrs. Cockburn and Co. be transmitted through him to the address of Messrs. JOHN GILDER AND CO. Bombay.

24th September 1828.

Advertisement.

TO BE SOLD,
BY PUBLIC OUTCRY,
AT THE GREEN,
WITHIN THE FORT,
On FRIDAY the 10th of October next,
AT 11 O'CLOCK,

A QUANTITY of ANCHORS, MOORING ANCHORS, and CHAINS, GRAPNELS &c. of different sizes. Further particulars and a List of the above may be seen at the Marine Storekeeper's Office.

Terms of Sale. A deposit of 10 per cent is to be immediately paid down by the purchaser, and the articles to be cleared away from the Green, where they are now lying, and paid for on or before the tenth day after the sale, or the deposit will be forfeited and the article resold at the risk and loss of the first purchaser.

(Signed) G. SIMPSON,
Marine Storekeeper

BOMBAY,
MARINE STOREKEEPER'S OFFICE,
25th September 1828.

By Order of the Marine Board,
M. HOUGHTON,
Secretary.

જાહેર • ખબર *

શ્રીકરવારે• તારીખ• ૧૬ મી• અકટો બર•આવતા•મકીનાનીકિ કલાક• ૧૧ ના• મરીન•પીરડના•કુકમથી•મરીન•કઘટોર• કીપર•કોટમાંના•જથા•માગલ•જાહેર•લીલા ઉ•કરીને•કિ•જથો• લંગારો•નથા•મોરીનગ લંગારો•નથા•થાક લો•નથા• રીકિલીમો•નથા કિવગરે•જુદી•જુદા• જાતનીમોછે•ને•વેચશે કિનીશરવે•થોકશ• લીગા•વાર• નથા•ઉપર કહેલા• શામાનોની•ટીપ•મરીન•કઘટોર• કીપરની• મારફીશત્રા• ઠકિ માથી•માલુમ•પ ડશે *

વેચાણની•ખોલી•કિ•ખરીદદારે•શેકડ ટકા• ૧૦ અનામત• રોકડા•આપવા•નથા• કોટમાંના•જથા•ઉપરથી•જે•ટકાણે•ઉપર• કહેલો•માલ•ઉભો• કીધેલોછે•તાંથી•વેચાણ ના•દીનથી• દીન• ૧૬ મા•નાણાં•પગાર• કરીને•ઉચકી•લઇજવો—નકીનો•પેહેલા•પ રીકદારને•કુથાણે•નથા•જોખમે•પાછો•વેચારો જ•શેકડે ટકા• ૧૬ અનામત• મુકેલાછેતે•શ રકાર• દાખલ•થશે—તારીખ• ૨૫ મી•શપ ટેમબર* ૧૮૨૮ *

જી•શીમપશન
મરીન•કઘટોર•કીપર

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT all DOGS found in any of the public Streets or Roads of this island, or without the Compounds or enclosures of the dwellings of their owners, between the 1st and 31st of October, will be DESTROYED by the Officers of the Police, conformably to Art. first of Rule Ordinance, and Regulation II of 1813.

By Order of the Court of Petty Sessions,
B. NOTON,
Clerk.

BOMBAY,
PETTY SESSIONS OFFICE,
26th September 1828.

ખબર•ફીમાંથી•આપીએજે•

શરવે•કુતરાં•ફ•ગામનાં•ઓટા•રસતા ઉપર•મશવા• ગલીમાં•મથવા• લોકોનાં•ઘ રોનાં•વાડાનાં•બાકોર• મલશે•ગી•તારીખ• ૧ લી•અકટોબર• થીને• તારીખ• ૩૧ મી• અકટોબર•શ્રધી• પાલીશ•આકીશનાં•કબજ ખેલી•નથા•માણારો•ઓરટ•પીટીશનના કુકમથી•ફ•કુતરાં•મારી•નાખશે•ને•ફ•બાબ ત•રૂપે• ૧૮૧૩ નાં•કાદિા• ૨ જી•કલમ• પેહેલીમાં•કુકમ•પ્રમાવિ મીછે*તારીખ ૨૬ મી•શપટેમબર•રૂપે• ૧૮૨૮ મોંગરેજી*

Higgs & Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION
A NEAT
SHIGRAMPOE
WITH DOUBLE
HARNESS
PRICE Rs. 450
Meadows Street, 1st October 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION
THE FOLLOWIMG
TENTS,
VIZ.

A NEW Double Poled Tent with Chintz double Walls, and Chintz Partition,.....	Rs. 500
Two ditto with double Walls, each,.....	370
Two Single Poled Ditto, each,	250
A Secondhand Two Poled Field Officer's Tent,.....	375
New Bechobas, each.....	85
Secondhand Do.....	50
Rowties,.....	40 & 75
Secondhand Single Poled Tents	30 & 40
Necessary Do. each,.....	30

Meadows Street, 1st October 1828.

THIS DAY

WEDNESDAY October 1st
FRITH
Bomanjee & Co.

WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION

A QUANTITY of Superfine LADIES CLOTHS of various colors; Kerseymere and Shawl Cloth, Gown Pieces Sheeting cloth, Fine Cotton Handkerchiefs. Black, and Green Paint, three Gold repeaters, silver Watches, Cutlery, Swords, and a variety of other Articles.

Nesbit Lane, 1st October 1828.

TO BE SOLD
BY PUBLIC AUCTION
THIS DAY
WEDNESDAY 1st October.
AT
FRITH
Bomanjee and Co's,

ROOMS,
A HANDSOME COLLECTION OF
ORIGINAL
OIL PAINTINGS
BY
WAITE, TRUTHILD, VERNEY, DEARMAN, WOUVERMAN, LAWRENCE, And other celebrated Masters.

On SATURDAY next 4th of October.
FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
THE
Household Furniture
OF THE LATE
ARCHIBALD INGLIS ESQ.
AT HIS LATE RESIDENCE
MAZAGON,

TOGETHER with his choice collection of Wines, Plate &c. The Furniture comprises Couches, Chairs, Sideboards, Lamps, Tables &c. &c.

AND AT ONE O'CLOCK
WILL BE PUT UP,
TWO PALANQUINS.

Catalogues will be issued this day and the property be on view.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION
A NEW HUSSAR
SADDLE
BY GIBSON
SHABRAQUE
ATTACHED
With Spare Articles of Description
PRICE 470 Rs.

IN THE PRESS.

IN a few days will be issued from the Gazette press, a memoir of the late SIR EDWARD WEST Knt. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature Bombay. To the Subscribers of the Bombay Gazette no charge will be made, to Non-Subscribers 3 Rs. Per Copy.

Gazette Office 1st October 1828.

BOMBAY
REGISTER & DIRECTORY
FOR
1829.

PRICE RUPEES FIVE.

THE Public are respectfully informed that on the 1st of January 1829, and on each succeeding year, will be issued from the GAZETTE PRESS, a work under the above denomination, and to which their attention is solicited. The Gentlemen who are compiling this work, *have been fortunate enough to obtain the permission of Government to be furnished with such Information from its Records, as may be necessary to insure the accuracy of the work*; and from other sources, hints for its improvement, which will be most faithfully attended to, and for which they feel extremely grateful.

The work will contain an accurate CALENDAR and ALMANAC, and complete Lists of all the Departments under this Presidency, with their disposition.

Bombay 1st October, 1828.

TO BE SOLD OR LET

THE Elegant and modern MANSION on Colabah, commoniy called COWPER'S COTTAGE and lately occupied by DAVID SETON Esq.—It is well worthy the consideration of any family who is desirous of obtaining a commodious and airy habitation.

For particulars apply at the Office of Messrs. LECKIE AND CO.

(c) *Bombay, 1st October* 1828.

SAUL SOLOMON,

MERCHANT, COMMERCIAL AND SHIPPING AGENT AT THE ISLAND OF SAINT HELENA.

Marine Stores, Provisions, Live Stock and Supplies of every description, furnished with facility and on moderate terms.

NEGOCIATES GOOD BILLS.

N. B.—Apartments fitted up in a superior style for the reception of Passengers.

TERMS OF BOARDING HOUSE.—Ladies and Gentlemen accommodated at 25s. per day, including, Port, Sherry, Madeira and Beer, Children and Servants at 12s 6d.

Passengers desirous of remaining at St, Helena for any length of time, accommodated on reduced terms of 15s. each and servants 5s.

N. B.—Hot and Cold Baths, Carriages & Saddle Horses.

ST. HELENA.—It must be desirable for those Ladies and Gentlemen, returning to Europe, or about to pass a short time or that Island, for the benefit of their Health, on otherwise, to know, that there is a long established House, kept on a very different principle to those already advertised (indeed Joe Millar's boarding House is shut up) and one of, if not the best house in St. James's Valley formerly known as DR. DUNN'S, the corner of the Company's Gardens, where Mr. Eyre an old Officer of the Hon'ble Company's Naval Service, continues to receive upon his old plan of *Family Comfort*, those, who are pleased to favour him with their Company.

Mr. EYRE as an Agent, takes this opportunity, of further expressing his readiness to assis in procuring supplies for Shipping, disposing of Property and otherwise attending to the interests *of all*, who, may honor *him* with their confidence.

6th August 1828.

LITERARY AGENCY

BOOKS, Maps, Mathematical and Surveying Instruments, Stationary &c. may be procured from London on favourable terms either through Mr. John Alexander, British Gallery, Calcutta, or by application direct to Mr. John Richardson, Bookseller, No, 91 Royal Exchange London.

For particulars apply either at the GAZETTE or COURIER Printing Offices, where plans may be had gratis.

Advertisement.

FOR SALE a neat BUGGY AND HARNESS (nearly new) with a Capital GREY ARAB rising 6, safe and quiet in Harness. Price 1.00 Rupees.—For particulars apply to the PRINTER of the Bombay Gazette, Gazette Office.

Bombay, 1st *October* 1828.

TO BE SOLD

BY PUBLIC AUCTION

On Friday next the 3rd Inst.

AT THE

GODOWNS

OF

MESSRS. SHOTTON AND CO.

ON account of those concerned 86 Bundles of Damaged COTTON TWIST, landed from the Ship *Sovereign*.

Terms of Sale CASH.

Bombay 1st *October*, 1828.

TO BE LET,

A BUNGALOW, with Stable &c. situated at Mazagon, near the Nabob's Tank. For urther particulars enquire of LIMJEE BHICCAJEE'S SONS AND CO.

Bombay, 1sth *October* 1828.

FOR SALE

A FEW dozens of HODSON'S BEER, lately imported, at 8 Rs. per doz.

Apply to MR. J. V. de NORONHA.

36, *Meadow Street*, 1st *October* 1828.

FOR SALE

AT FRAMJEE COWASJEES OFFICE.

A few quarter chests of Carbonel and Son's second growth CLARET, imported from London, at 30 Rupees per Dozen—Terms, READY CASH.

Bombay, 1st *October* 1828.

READY

FURNISHED HOUSE

TO LET

TO be let ready furnished for three Months certain from the 1st Proximo and thereafter by the month that large and Commodious HOUSE recently erected near the three mile stone on the Byculla road and at present occupied by Mr. Flower, For further particulars enquire of RAGHOWANUND SOWMITRE commonly called BAPOOJEE Head Purvoe in the Warehouse Department.

Bombay 29th *September* 1828.

Advertisement.

APPLICATION having been made to the Supreme court of Judicature of Bombay that Letters of Administration of all and Singular the goods and Chattels Rights and Credits of ANTONIO FRANCISCO de CONCEICAO late of Bombay Portuguese deceased may be granted to MARIA LYDEA de CONCEICAO widow of the said deceased all persons interested therein are hereby apprized thereof.—Dated this 20th day of September 1828.

T. W. BROWN,
PETIT. PROCTOR.

AVISO.

TENDO recorrido a Corte Suprema da Judicatura em Bombaim, que Cartas de Administraçaõ de todas, e quaesquer Beus moveis e immoveis, dereito e Credito de ANTONIO FRANCISCO DE CONCEICAO habitante de Bombay ja defunto, sejaõ Concedidas e MARIA LYDIA DE CONCEICAO Viuva do ditto defunto. Todas as pessoas interressadas nelles, fiquem para este informaddo do mesmo.—Datada 20, de Setembro de 1828.

T. W. BROWNE,
PROCURADOR DO SUPLICANTE.

Advertisement.

APPLICATION having been made to the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay that Letters of Administration of all and singular the Goods and Chattels rights and credits of NANABHOY BYRAMJEE late of Bombay Parsee merchant and Inhabitant deceased not Administered by his late son FRAMJEE NANABHOY may be granted to BURJORJEE NANABHOY the surviving son of the said deceased; all persons interested therein are hereby apprized thereof.—Dated this 23 I of September 1828.

E. C. MORGAN,
PROCTOR.

મરનાર પારશી નાનાભાઇ ખરશેદજી શ્રી મુમબઇ નો રેહવાશી હતા તે પારી શતી નથી માટે મીલકતનુ અખતીયાર નામુ લેવાશાહ શ્રી મુમબઇની જુડીકેટર ની શ્રી પરીમ કોરટમા કે મરનારની છીક રો ખરજરજી નાનાભાઇ જે કુમાનજી તે છે મરજકરીછિને મકુ મલે કાંકિ જે કિમર નારના છીકરા મરનાર પુરાજી નાના ભાઇ કે મરજકરીકુનીનથી * —— કિાશર્ક શરવિલીમીજે કિના વાંધશનાહીકે તેહીને અકિરથાકે *

તા૦ ૨૩ શી શપટેમખર ૧૮૨૮

ઇ શ્રી મારગન
કોરટની વકીલ

Advertisement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT FUCKEER MAHOMED ORMERJEE SAIK has contracted with EAKNATH RAGOBA to Mortgage a Dwelling House situated without the Fort near Mandavee Street assessed No 320; if any person or persons have any claims or demands by way of Mortgage or otherwise, on the said House he, she, or they are requested to make the same known to EAKNATH RAGOBA within Eight days from the date hereof, otherwise, he, she or they will be precluded therein,—Dated this 27th day of Sept. 1828.

Bombay, 1st *October* 1828.

Advertisement.

APPLICATION havin been made to the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay that Probate of the last will and Testament of JOHN POLLIXFEN Esquire late his Majesty Ship wright at Bombay may be Granted to THOMAS CRAWFORD and ROBERT MORESBY of Bombay Esquires two of the Executors named in and appointed by the said will, all Persons interested therein are hereby apprized thereof dated this 30 day of September 1828.

MORIS AND PUGH
PROCTOR

For Freight or Passage,

TO LONDON

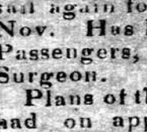
THE SHIP

SURRY,

OF 500 TONS

Capt. Charles Kemp,

TO SAIL IN OCTOBER.



THIS Ship has good accommodations for Passengers and carries a Surgeon.

For Freight or Passage Apply to Capt. KEMP or to Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.

Bombay, 1st *October* 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO

LONDON

THE TEAK BUILT SHIP

CHATHAM.

OF 354 TONS

HAS good accommodatons for passengers, and will sail on the 15th OCTOBER.

For particulars apply at the Office of Messrs PATRICK STEWART AND CO.

Bombay, 1st *October* 1828.

For Passengers

TO

LONDON

THE FAST SAILING SHIP

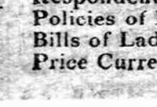
CHARLES KERR A. I.

BURTHEN 550 TONS,

John Brodie,

(LATE OF THE EAST INDIA COMP'S SERVICE)

COMMANDER,



THE CHAS KERR. was to leave Gravesend on 1st June, may be expected early in September, and will sail again for London about the 15th of Nov. Has large and elegant Cabins for Passengers, and carries an experienced Surgeon.

Plans of the accommodations may be had on application at the Office of Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER AND CO

Bombay 1st *October* 1828.

For Passage to London

TO SAIL EARLY IN NOVEMBER,

THE VERY FAST SAILING NEW SHIP

JAMES AND THOMAS,

WM. ABSRIDGE,

COMMANDER,

HAS very elegant acccommodation for a few Passengers.

Apply to the COMMANDER, on board, or at the Office of Messrs. WILLIAM NICOL AND CO.

Bombay, 1st *October* 1828.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GAZETTE OFFICE

THE UNDERMENTIONED PRINTED BLANK FORMS.

BILLS of Exchange, per sett	Rs.	"	2 ,,
Powers of Attorney, each	"	"	2 ,,
Interest Bonds, do.	"	"	2 "
Respondentia Bonds do.	"	1	"
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Bombay 1st *October* 1828.

General Orders.

By the Hon'ble the Governor in Council

BOMBAY CASTLE, 15TH SEPT. 1828.

No. 249 of 1828.—Lieutenant R. Mignau, of the 1st European Regiment is allowed a furlough to Europe on urgent private affairs, for a period of one year.

Bombay Castle, 18*th September* 1828.

No. 250 of 1828.—Distribution Statements and Rolls, bearing the names of those entitled to share in the proceeds of that portion of the Deccan Booty which is termed "Actual Captures" made during the years 1817-18, having been received from the Hon'ble the Court of Directors, with authority to cause the issue of the Prize Dividends to the parties concerned the claims of all persons entitled to share are to be adjusted in the following manner.

2. Station and Regimental Prize Committees will be assembled to investigate all claims to the Prize Dividends, and when found correct, Bills or Abstracts for the amount, according to the annexed From No. 1, are to be transmitted to the Private Committee at the Presidency, in order to be checked and passed by that Committee for payment, on the Pay master of the Division or range in which the claimants respectively may reside.

3. The Regimental Committee will be constituted of the Commanding officer, the next in seniority with the Adjutant, and the Quarter Master. Those at Stations in such manner as the Officer Commanding may direct.

4. All persons with Regiments are to be paid by Committees respectively, and in acknowledgment of the receipt of their shares they are to be required to sign Acquittance Rolls, which are to be prepared in accordance with the annexed From No. 2.

5. Claimants who may not now be with the Regiments in which they served when the "Actual Captures" were made, must either appear personally before the Regimental Committee, charged with the issue, or prefer their demand though a Regimental or Station Committee, as may be most convenient.

6 Individual claimants who may have belonged to Corps since disbanded, or who may have been attached to Regiments of His Majesty's Service which have subsequently returned to Europe, and who may not be borne on the strength of any Regiment in India, will submit their claims to the nearest Station or Regimental Committee, and if ascertained to be correct, a Bill for the Dividend, countersigned by the Committee, and accompanied by a separate receipt of the claimant, will be forwarded to the Prize Committee at the Presidency, to be examined and passed for payment in the manner above detailed.

7. The claims of Officers and men who may have belonged to His Majesty's Regiments embarked for Europe, but who may now be attached to corps serving under this Presidency, will be drawn for by the Committee of the Regiment to which they are at present attached, in the manner laid down in the 4th Paragraph.

8. Staff officers whose shares are not included in the distribution Statement of Corps, will prefer their claims, and receive dividends, in the manner prescribed in the 6th Paragraph.

9. Applications in behalf of the heirs of officers and men who may have died, will be addressed to the Committee of the Regiment to which the deceased belonged, and a consequent payment will be made on account of the estate, if the claim be satisfactorily established.

10. On the 1st of July 1829, the proceedings of the several Regimental and Station Committees will be closed and the Acquittance Rolls will be forwarded to the Prize Committee at the Presidency, by whom they will be submitted to Government for transmission to the Hon'ble the Court of Directors; at the same time, the balance of unappropriated shares of individuals of the Hon'ble Company's Service will be remitted by the Regimental and Station Committees to the General Treasury, and those referrable to His Majesty's Forces will be disposed of in conformity to the War Office Regulations, with the exception of unclaimed shares of Native Establishments, which will be remitted to the Treasury. In either case, the Acquittance Rolls will be furnished as above directed.

11 Copies of the proceedings of the Regimental and Station Prize Committee are to be carefully preserved by the Prize Committee at the Presidency.

12. The Prize Committee at the Presidency will issue such subsidiary instructions to Regimental and Station Committees as may be necessary for giving effect to the foregoing orders.

13. The Deputy Military Accountant, the Deputy Adjutant General, and the Deputy Quarter Master General, will constitute the Prize Committee at the Presidency for the above purpose.

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† It will be necessary for the Regimental Committee to state in these abstracts the Regiment and Troops or Company to which the individuals belonged at the time of Capture which entitles them to share in the Prize money, and the abstracts, if preferred by individual claimants, should be accompanied with a certificate from the Commanding Officer or Adjutant of the Regiment to which they belonged, stating that they are the persons who were actually present.

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SECOND SHEET.] THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, 1st OCTOBER 1828.

(Continued from the Gazette.)

" I'll teach a witness to behave
" And in the witness box look *grave*—
" I'll cross examine 'till he faint—if,
" He says a word against my plaintiff,
" Or if he swears 'gainst my defendant
" I'll "ask" him dead, and make an end on't—
" Cross questioning's, the way to kill 'em;
" So now I'll go and smoke my Chillum."
" Thus C——t—n home to dinner hurried
(The witness there was brought and buried)
Though dead he's a witness still
Of C——t—s length, and strength and skill,

By Sir C. E. G.

[On reading the above]

If witnesses are killed so fast
How may the Judges hope to last?
They listen, not for days alone—
Thro, weeks, months, years, they hear and groan;
By all the rules of moral fitness
Sure this is dying *with a witness*.

By Mr C.—L.— D.

[Impromptu on the perusal of the preceding

Between a Justice and a witness
There is in truth no moral fitness;
A witness you must never pay
For any thing that he can say;
A Judge is paid so much a year
For any thing that he must hear;
[illegible]ness must the Court attend
[illegible] day 'till the suit end;
[illegible] say that he is ill
[illegible] he will

Dennis, to be Major, do.; Lieutenant Blyth, to be Captain, do.; Lieutenant Henderson, from 54th Foot, to be Lieutenent, do.; Lieutenant MacAndrew, from 40th Foot, to be Lieutenant, do,; Ensign Sparks, to be Lieutenant do.; Ensign Wightman, to be Lieutenant, do.; Ensign Birch, to be Lieutenant, do.; Ensign Reignolds, to be Lieutenant, do.; Ensign Scalpin, from 98th Foot, to be Lieutenant, 26th do.; Ensign Richardson, from 55th Foot, to be Lieutenant, do.; Ensign Dwyer, from 18th Foot, to be Lieutenant, do.; J. L. Dennis, to be Ensign, vice Sparks, 25th do.; J. Malcolm, to be Ensign, vice Wightman, 28th do.; T. G. M. Edden, to be Ensign, vice Birch, 27th do.; J. T. Grant, to be Ensign, vice Reignolds, 28th do.

53d Foot, A. F. Bond. to be Ensign, vice Prettijohn dead, 3d April.

54th Foot, Lieutenant Kenedy, to be Captain by purchase, vice Kelly retired, 27th March; Ensign Mellis, from 66th Foot, to be Lieutenant by purchase, 3d April.

55th Foot, Capt. Nicholson, from half pay, to be Capt.; vice Cameron, dead 20th March 1828; G. A. Robertson, to be Ensign, vice Richardson, 49th Foot, 26th April.

56th Foot, Hospital Assistant Bradford, to be Assistant. Surg. vice Allmann cancelled, 23d March.

57th Foot, Lieut. Col. Allan, from half pay, to be Lieut. Col., vice Cathcart, 3d Foot. do.

60th Foot. Lieut. Morphy, to be Capt. by pu[illegible] chase, vice *Hon.* H. M. Upton reti[illegible] do.; 2d Lieut. Churchill [illegible] *Lord* [illegible]

Assistant Surgeon Allman, 56th Foot; Assistant Surgeon Gordon, 11th Foot.

Deaths,

Lieutenant-General Skene, Aberdeen, 6th Apr. 1828.

Colonel *Sir* C. Sutton, K. C. B. inspecting field officer of the militia in the Ionian isles.

Majors---Kenny, 72d foot; Macintyre, 1st West India regiment; Jacks, half pay, 21st foot, London, 4th April 1828.

Captains—Brotherage, 48th foot, New South Wales, 26th Oct. 1827; M'Kedy, 18th foot; Beckwith, rifle brigade, Gibraltar, 21st March 1828; Knox, sub-inspector of militia in the Ionian Isles; A. Macfarlane, half pay, unattached, late 34th foot, 24th March 1828; Douglass, half pay, 30th foot, 3d do.; Burghaagen, half pay, York light infantry volunteers, Mar.; Charlton; late royal artillery drivers Exeter; 19th do.

Lieutenants—Amiel, 3d foot; Bruce, 3d foot; Rawlins, 4th foot, 22d Mar. 1828; Atkins, 19th foot, Barbadoes, 24th. Jan. Douglas, 31st foot; Holmes, 84th foot, Clifton, 19th Mar. 1828; Smith, 93d foot Antigua, 22d Feb.; Walton, 1st West India regt., Trinidad, 26th do.; W. Smith,, half pay roy[illegible] [illegible]outh 5th Mar.; LeQu[illegible] 25 do.; A[illegible] naski[illegible]

space in the third line, immediately behind himself—a post of honour, certainly; which Henry could not decline, though he accepted of it with reluctance.

When the Clans were thus drawn up opposed to each other, they intimated their feudal animosity, and their eagerness to engage, by a wild scream, which, uttered by the Clan Quhele, was answered and echoed back by the Clan Chattan, the whole at the same time shaking their swords, and menacing each other, as if they meant to conquer the imagination of their opponents ere they mingled in the actual strife.

At this trying moment, Torquil, who had never feared for himself, was agitated with alarm on the part of his Dault, yet consoled by observing that he kept a determined posture; and that the few words which he spoke to his clan were delivered boldly, and well calculated to animate them to combat, as expressing his resolution to partake their fate in death or victory. But there was no time for farther observation. The trumpets of the King sounded a charge, the bagpipes blew up their screaming and maddening notes, and the combatants, starting forward in regular order, and increasing their pace till they came to a smart run, met together on the centre of the ground, as a furious torrent encounters an advancing tide.

For an instant or two the front lines, hewing at each other with their long swords, seemed engaged in a succession of single combats; but the second and third ranks soon came up on either side, actuated alike by the eagerness of hatred and the thirst of honour, pressed through the intervals, and rendered the [illegible] over which the [illegible]me still glitter- [illegible]ppearing,

the ranks, and shewed little disposition to join them.

"What ail's thee, man?" said the chief "Can so strong a body have so mean and, cowardly a spirit? Come, and make in to the combat."

"You as good as called me hireling, but now," replied Henry—"If I am such," pointing to the headless corps "I have done enough for my day's wage.

"He that serves me without counting his hours," replied the Chief, "I reward him without reckoning wages."

"Then," said the Smith, "I fight as a volunteer, and in the post which best likes me."

"All that is at your own discretion," replied MacGillie Chattenach, who saw the prudence of humouring an auxiliary of such promise.

"It is enough," said Henry; and shouldering his heavy weapon, he joined the rest of the combatants with alacrity, and placed himself opposite to the Chief of the Clan Quhele.

It was then, for the first time, that Eachin shewed some uncertainty. He had long looked up to Henry as the best combatant which Perth and its neighbourhod could bring into the lists. His hatreed to him as a rival was mingled with the recollection of the ease with which he had once, though unarmed, foiled his own sudden and desperate attack; and when he beheld him with his eyes fixed in his direction, the dripping sword in his hand, and obviously meditating an attack on him individually, his courage fell; and he gave symptoms of wavering, which did not escape his foster-father.

It was lucky for Eachin, that Torquil was incapable, from the formation of his own temper, and that of those with whom he had lived, to [illegible] the idea of one of his own tribe, much [illegible] foster-son, being deficient [illegible] imagined

fate of their brethren; for the cry of the Clan Chatta Chief had drawn to that part of the field some of his bravest warriors. The sons of Torquil did not fall unavenged, but left dreadful marks of their swords on the persons of the dead and living. But the necessity of keeping their most distinguished soldiers around the person of their Chief, told to disadvantage on the general event of the combat; and so few were now the number who remained fighting, that it was easy to see that the Clan Chattan had fifteen of their number left, though most of them wounded; and that of the Clan Quhele only about ten remained, of whom there were four of the Chief's body guard, including Torquil himself.

They fought and struggled on, however, and as their strenght decayed, their fury seemed to increase. Henry Wynd, now wounded in many places, was still bent on breaking through, or exterminating the band of bold hearts who continued to fight around the object of his animosity. But still the fathers shout of "Another for Hector!" was cheerfully answered by the fatal countersign "Death for Hector!", and though the Clan Quhele were now outnumbered, the combat seemed still dubious. It was bodily lassitude alone that again compelled them to another pausse.

The Clan Chattan were then observed to be twelve in number, but two or three were scarce able to stand without leaning on their swords. Five were left of the Clan Quhele; Torquil and his youngest son were of the number, both slightly wounded. Eachin alone had, from the vigilance used to intercept all blows levelled against his person, escaped without injury. The roge of both parties had sunk, through exhaustion, into sullen desperaton. They walked staggering, as if in their sleep, through the carcasses of the slain, and gazed on them, as if again to animate their hatred towards their surviving enemies, by viewing the friends they had lost.

The multitude soon after beheld the survivors of the desperate conflict drawing together to renew the exterminating feud on the banks of the river, as the spot least slippery with blood, and less encombered with the bodies of the slain.

"For God's sake, for the sake [illegible] which we daily pray for," said [illegible] King to the Duke of Albany, [illegible] should th[illegible]

and the wounded Tormot, forced to retreat before eight or ten of the Clan Chattan, made a stand on the bank of the river, while their enemies were making such exertions as their wounds would permit, to come up with them. Torquil had just reached the spot where he had resolved to make the stand, when the youth Tormot dropped and expired. His death drew from his father the first and only sigh which he had breathed throughout the eventful day.

"My son Tormot!" he said, "my youngest and dearest! But if I save Hector, I save all. Now, my darling Dault, I had done for thee all that man may excepting the last.—Let me undo the clasps of that ill-omened, armour, and do thou put on that of Tormot; it is light and will fit thee well. While you do so, I will rush on these crippled men, and make what play with them I can. I trust I shall have but little to do, for they are following each other like disabled steers. At least, darling of my soul, if I am unable to save thee, I can show thee how a man should die,

While Torquil thus spoke, he unloosed the clasps of the young chief's hauberk, in the simple belief that he could thus break the meshes which fear and necromancy had twined about his heart-

"My father, my father, my more than parent!" said the unhappy Eachin—"Stay with me!—with you by my side, I feel I can fight to the last."

"It is impossible," said Torquil. "I will stop them coming up; while you put on the hauberk, God eternally bless thee, beloved of my soul!"

And then, brandishing his sword, Torquil of the Oak rushed forwards with the same fatal war cry, which had so often sounded over that bloody field, *Bas air son Eachin!* The words rung three times in a voice of thunder; and each time that he cried his war shout, he struck down one of the Clan Chattan as he met them successively straggling towards him. "Brave battle hawk—well-flown falcan! exclaimed the multitued, as they witnessed exertions which seemed, even at this last hour, to threaten a change of the fortunes of the day. Suddenly these cries were hushed into silence, and succeeded by a clashing of swords so dreadful, as if the whole conflict had recommenced in the persons of Henry Wynd and Torquil of the Oak. They cut, feined, hewed, and thrust, as if they had drawn their blades for the first time that day; and their inveteracy was mutual, for Torquil recognised the foul wizard, who, as he supposed, had cast a spell over his child; and Henry saw before him the giant, who during the whole conflict had interrupted the purpose for which alone he had joined the combatants.—They fought with an equality, which, perhaps, could not have existed, had not Henry, more wounded than his antagonist, been somewhat deprived of his usual agility.

Meanwhile Eachin, finding himself alone, after a disorderly and vain attempt to put on his foster-brother's harness, became animated by an emotion of shame and despair, and hurried forward to support his foster-father in the terrible struggle, ere some other of the Clan Chattan should come up. When he was within five yards, and sternly determined to take his share in the death fight, his foster-father fell, cleft from the collar-bone well nigh to the heart, and murmuring with his last breath, *Bas air son Eachin!* The unfortunate youth saw the fall of his last friend, and at the same moment beheld the deadly enemy had hunted him through the whole field, standing within sword's point of him, and brandishing the huge weapon which had hewed its way to his life through so many obstacles. Perhaps this was enough to bring his constitutional timidity to its highest point; or perhaps he recollected at the same moment that he was without defensive armour, and that a line of enemies, halting, indeed, and crippled, but eager for revenge and blood, were closely approaching. It is enough to say, that his heart sickened, his eyes darkened, his ears tingled, his brain turned giddy—all other considerations were lost in the apprehension of instand death: and drawing one effectual blow at the Smith, he avoided that which was aimed at him in return, by bounding backward; and ere the former could recover his weapon. Eachin had plunged into the stream. A roar of contumely pursued him as he swam accross the river, although perhaps, not a dozen of those who joined in it would have behaved otherwise in the like circumstances. Henry looked after the fugitive in silence and surprise, but could not speculate on the consequences of his flight, on account of the faintness which seemed to overpower him as soon as the animation of the contest had subsided. He sat down on the grassy bank, and endeavoured to stanch such of his wounds as were pouring fellets.

The victors, had the general meed of gratulations. the Duke of Albany and others went down to survey the field and Henry Wynd was honoured with particular notice.

PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

MR. CANNING.

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
That last infirmity of noble mind—
To scorn delights, and live laborious days:
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.
Nor in the glistening foil sets off to the world,
But lives and spreads aloft above the skies."
MILTON.

LIVING characters will mostly be presented to the readers of the present work; but some exceptions to this rule will occur in favour of individuals pre-eminently distinguished, and very recently removed. That Mr. Canning is the first we notice of the class, affords us a melancholy gratification,—We should have rejoiced to place him among the living but since the decree of Heaven forbids this joy, it is some relief to place him at the head of the illustrious deceased.. When the plan of our publication was framed, he was alive, the ascendant star of the political hemisphere. We had then placed his name where it now stands, next the Sovereign's who gave him his confidence; but with no apprehension that his departure would leave us with such brief matter concerning the last and highest station to which that confidence raised him.

A domestic cloud hovered over his birth, rendering his entrance upon life as gloomy as his departure out of it was glorious. His father was forsaking the discouragements of the bar for a mercantile speculation, which proved still more discouraging and unsuccessful, almost to ruin. Deep embarrassment from this, and other unfortunate undertakings, brought him to the grave in just twelve months after George, his only son, was born. His mother, who lived to witness his elevation, and enjoy her full share of its fruits, took the greatest care of his infancy and childhood; but she was unable to provide the education after which he very early thirsted, and which was providentially supplied by an only and prosperous uncle. The promising youth was in due time placed at Eton, where superior energy and talent seldom fail to disclose themselves with speedy effect.

At an age when other boys are usually commencing the most difficult portion of their studies, George Canning had risen to a high proficiencey, and was only waiting for an eligible medium through which to give to the world proofs that would have done honour to an author thrice his years. The publication of the *Microcosm*, by "chosen Sons of old Etonia," furnished the desirable channel, and under the initial B, young Canning sent forth prose and verse of a very superior order. The design and limits of our work forbid any critical examination of the production of those whose characters we review; and when we commend or censure, we must be understood to do it in a very general and qualified sense—with a view to the youth or age, the resources or restraints, the celebrity or obscurity, of the writers and their works. With this understanding, we may safely bestow the highest praise on Mr. Canning's early productions. They are distinguished by all the bloom and freshness, all the vivacity and wit, all the imagination and romance of youth, united with no inconsiderable measure of the acute discrimination, the penetrating force, and the resolute march of the manhood of genuine authorship.

His Latin was more pure and proficient than his Greek; but his attainments in Grecian literature suffered only in comparison with himself, and never by the side of others. So varied, and accurate, and profound, was his classical learning, that, had it not been subsequently outshone by qualities of more rare attainment, which fitted him for more elevated labour, and more enlarged utility to the nation and the world, he would probably have turned his active mind to the work of tuition, and at the head of Eton, or Westminster, or Christ-church, would ultimately have devoted himself to the formation of scholars of his own finished class. His fame preceded him to Oxford, where, if it required vindication and establishment, some productions of genuine talent, especially some orations of surpassing eloquence, would have confirmed him as a first rate ornament of Christ-church, and a reiguing favourite of the tutors and students of that distinguished college.

It is impossible that we can wish Mr. Canning to have possessed hereditary rank and wealth. He might then have sought content in knowledge, without regard to any public patriotic use of it; or, in the gaiety and glory of fashionable life, he might have lost sight of the valuable attainment itself, and his power essentially to benefit the state would have been concealed, by his independence of its emoluments, and his indifference to its welfare. As in a thousand other instances within a tenth part of the time, an impoverished and dependent condition constrained Mr. Canning to seek for a profession, while his lofty spirit soon determined him upon *that* profession, which seldom fails to conduct men of exalted talent and principle to some of the highest honours of the nation—the bar.

Family connection had introduced him while at college to Sheridan, and one interview was sufficient to give that penetrating wit a high notion of his young friend's supremacy among the scholars of the day. The difference of their age was more than counterbalanced by the opposite difference of their disposition. Canning at twenty was remarkably sober minded; while Sheridan at forty was volatile and trifling. Hence, with the relative ages of father and son, Sheridan and Canning appeared like brothers, and the latter often like the elder brother. The friendship of Sheridan soon brought Mr. Canning into the company of Burke and Fox; while the prophetic vision which Lord Lansdowne had already placed before him, of "his one day becoming prime minister," could scarcely fail to have considerable influence in his favour with those eminent statesmen, even in the zenith of their political celebrity.

Mr. Canning exchanged Christ-church for Lincoln's Inn, at a period of the greatest popular excitement, when the worst horrors of the French revolution were beginning to rage. This coincidence is mentioned for the sake of remarking, that, if Mr. Canning's political sentiments ever materially changed, it was by the same means that altered the views of Burke and of the King himself. If before the excesses of the revolution, he at all coincided with Fox and other approvers of it, those excesses constrained him to think otherwise, and were the commencement of a process which soon rendered him as constitutional a senator and statesman, as ever adorned the parliament and cabinet of a free nation.

But that any alteration took place in his sentiments may be reasonably doubted. He was in all probability but half a whig when under the wing of the leaders of that party; and he certainly never became more than half a tory since. Accident connected him personally and transiently with the chiefs of opposition; but any political fellowship with them is extremely problematical. He admired Fox, and Burke, and Sheridan as orators and wits rather than politicians. When, on the other hand, he allowed an earlier college and tory friend, Mr. Jenkinson, now Earl of Liverpool, to introduce him to Mr. Pitt, and even when he entered parliament under their patronage, it does not follow that he had imbibed the fulness of their toryism. On this point the biographer of Sheridan, himself a whig, will be listened to with confidence.

"Some infusion of the spirit of the times into this body—the tories—had become necessary for its preservation, in the same manner as the inhalement of the youthful breath has been recommended by some physicians to the infirm and superannuated. This renovating inspiration the genius of Mr. Canning has supplied. His first political lessons were derived from sources too sacred to his young admiration to be forgotton. He carried the spirit of these lessons with him into the councils which he joined, and by the vigour of the grafts, which already shews itself in the fruits, birds fair to change altogether the nature of toryism."

When first Mr. Canning was spoken of as approaching the parliamentary arena, with a mind and tongue richly endowed, and a heart beating high for the spread of constitutional security and liberty throughout the world, the report inspired hope of no ordinary elevation. His first speech was on a question too narrow for the full developement of his powers; yet was hope outshone by reality, and the young orator took his place in the first and most efficient class. Not only did he equal expectation in genius and knowledge; but far surpassed it in coolness and prudence, qualities seldom found in the earlier efforts of youthful oratory.

For sometime the parliamentary essays of Mr. Canning were like "angel visits, few and far between." The hope excited by his first effort, that he would be heard on almost every important question, was by no means fulfilled; and it was not before the opening of the session of 1795 that he was appointed to speak "in echo of the royal voice," and then the seconding rather than moving the address fell to his lot. During that session he was more frequently heard; yet not so frequently as either his patrons or his opponents wished. The former required all the aid they could obtain, to support their measures amidst unusual national excitement; and the latter were encouraged from one or two successful experiments, to hope that they should be able to confound the youthful ministerialist if not by refuting his arguments by deriding what they called his political apostacy and flattery.

A volume published about twelve years ago, entitled "Parliamentary Portraits," is the only production of an able pen which ever ventured to doubt Mr. Canning's claims to pre-eminence as a scholar and a speaker. In the strange judgment of that work, he was one "whom fortune in a joke pushed above his natural elevation, to be pointed at as the quintessence of wit and statesmanship—his speeches were more shallow and frothy than a college declamation—his sole qualifications were a memory well stored with school-boys' common places, a solemn utterance like that of a prologue speaker to a tragedy, and an unbending pomp of attitude and manner, strongly resembling the burly dignity of a country pedagogue." The writer adds—"Never playful like Mr. Fox, nor good humoured like Mr. Sheridan, he struts through a comic antithesis with the air of a philosopher, and deposits an epigram with equal grandeur as if he were delivered of an epic poem.!"

These things are quoted to shew how far some writers can go in malignity or mistake, and with what rashness they can oppose their finely turned periods and sparkling sentences, to the testimony of the wisest, and the suffrage of the most disinterested judges of the land. "No man living"—says one of those honest chroniclers of Mr. Canning—"has the same earnestness of voice, the same carelessly diffuse grace of manner, the same simple dignity of style and happiness of expressions, the same flowing eloquence. and, when necessary, the same overwhelming vehemence of delivery. The characteristics of his; are rapid harmony, its lucid arrangement, and its freedom from affected phraseology. It is pure, classical transparent, and musical almost to faultiness." Another faithful witness observes—"As a purely classical orator Mr. Canning had no rival: all the suns had set so crown as it were his effects. He was the last of the Romans—His rich imagination, his fine sonorous voice. his easy gesture, and his commanding figure, stamped him as a *homo factus ad unguem* in oratory." But we forbear: Mr. Canning's parliamentary supremacy is no longer matter of doubt, even with the author of the work which once so strangely libelled him.

His marriage to which we turn with peculiar delight, resulted in more than one gratifying event. While it gave him the woman of his heart, raised him to independence and opulence, and allied him to one of the first ducal families of the realm, it furnished Mrs. Canning and himself with an opportunity of performing an act of generous affection, in which we can scarcely tell whether the givers or receivers were most blessed. The circumstances are well known.

At this period Mr. Canning had been Under-secretary of State nearly four years, which office he retained another year, then, retiring with Mr. Pitt, he became one of the keenest and most annoying of the opposition to Mr. Addington's transient ministry. Returning with Mr. Pitt of office in 1803 he was appointed Treasurer, of the Navy, and held that superior post till the death of his patron again transferred him to the ranks of opposition.

The office held by Mr. Canning was now in the hands of Sheridan; at the same time he had an opportunity of uniting in the new cabinet with his former friend, to which some thought the influence of Mr. Pitt was the only impediment. Other and better obstacles to such an union, however, existed and triumphd. Mr. Canning could not depart a single step from the course, which his upright mind deemed the only one likely to conduct the nation to permanent peace, and the world to rational freedom and solid happiness. Mr. Canning was then rapidly acquiring that knowledge of the continental nations, which has since proved of such sesential service to our country and colonies; and he already knew enough to convince him that the plans which the new ministry were eager to adopt, either would not succeed, or their success would bring disgrace and ruin upon durselves. He knew that the continental foes of France had full confidence in the plans of Mr. Pitt; and he soon saw the wretched consequence of a departure from his system, in the disastrous treaty of Tilsit, the unprincipled invasion of Spain, and other gigantic strides of Buonaprte to universal. Dominion With this political prescience, which events have shewn to be as accurate as though it were the foresight of supernatural inspiration, Mr. Canning's union with the "Talents" would have been a rash demolition of that which for years he had been studying and labouring to erect—an adamantine barrier to the final succes of Bounaparte.

Restored in less than twelve months to office upon his own principles, he soon felt it his duty to oppose one of his own colleagues, whose general utility in the cabinet could not be doubted, but whose aggressive measure he could neither support nor tolerate. Hence it was clearly seen that, bent as Mr. Canning was upon perpetuating the system of M. Pitt against France, he was equally opposed to rashness in executing a single part of it. Mr. Pitt's resolute resistance of the aggression of the daring foe, to the last shilling of our national resources, has his unqualified approbation and aid; but Lord Castlereagh's Utopian scheme of aggression in return, of which the Walcheren expedition was the "first and final sample," drew forth his determined opposition. We lament the somewhat unhand-some manner in which that opposition at first proceeded; but in fairness we ought also to admire the disinterestedness of his subsequent conduct, in continuing, as a private senator, to advocate the general system upon which the existing ministry were acting; to which, in fact, he felt his life and labours were pledged.

Mr. Canning's subsequent appointment to the embassy at Lisbon brought upon him the bitterest reproaches; but he lived to prove them as unmerited as they were severe. He then obtained that knowledge of Portuguese affairs—he then formed that friendship with the chiefs of Portugal—he then acquired for his country and his principles that sovereign influence there which enable him with such confidence and effect to oppose the return of arbitrary power, and to establish a constitutional government on the very threshold of a nation, which would have given MINES, had it possessed them, to such both it and him.

Having, as ambassador, prepared Portugal for this happy result, Mr. Canning turned his attention to India, and, as President of the Boards of Controul, displayed the profoundest knowledge of its true interests, and of the proper duties of England towards that splendid colony Such was the light his administration shed upon this subject, that without hesitation he was chosen to execute his own plans, and appointed to the vice-royality of India. We are far from considering the calamity, which prevented his departure to that high command, as a topic of congratulation; yet we may properly rejoice in the consequences of an event, the cause and circumstances of which we deeply deplore. So soon as the public mind could from the consternation caused by Lord Londonderry's death, it fixed spontaneously upon Mr. Canning, as the only man in the realm fully competent to the duties of the vacant office. The sovereign's judgment was in unison with that of the nation; the interests of India were merged in those of the whole civilized world, and the seals of the Foreign office were placed in Mr, Canning's hands.

The incapacity of Lord Liverpool made way for the advancement of Mr. Canning to the head of the ministry. The "envy, hatred, and malice," which this deserved elevation brought upon him—the breach which his opponents instantly created in the cabinet, in the confidence of his not being able to repair it—the difficulties opposed to his persevering efforts to replenish the ministry—the annoyance he met with when parliament re-assembled, and when questions of unusual moment awaited legislative decision—the effect of augmented responsibility and labour upon a constitution pre-

quently threatened—these, and other point connected with them, are too clearly within public recollection. His last and highest occupation was of the briefest continuance; but though HE was so soon and so suddenly removed, his system and principle are likely to be perpetuated; a blessing of which the nation would have been deprived, had his honours and office been turn from him by any other than the hand of death.

And what, let us ask, was the principal claim of Mr. Canning to the chief confidence of his sovereign and his country? Why was the King so prompt and resolute in his choice of the man, and supporter of his measures, who had more than secretly favoured the cause of the unhappy Queen, and whose judgment of the Catholic question was at variance with that of the throne? Why, moreover, was the nation so eager to confide its councils to one who, while he wished to release the Catholics of Ireland from all restraint, avowed his determination to oppose the repeal of the Test Act, which continues to restrain half the Protestant population of England? We answer, Mr. Canning coincided with both king and people on matters of much greater number and value.

One consideration ha not met with half the attention it deserves. Burthened as this country is with an almost intolerable debt, its foreign commerce must be as extended and unfettered as possible, in order not only to ensure its prosperity, but to sustain its credit, Now this only remedy for an almost invaterate evil formed the essence of Mr. Canning's policy, and the master stroke of his administration. It was this enlightened undeviating aim, with the liberal measures consequent upon it, which gained him the esteem of all but the sordid tory faction, whose overgrown wealth, and intolerable insensibility and insolence, such a system is happily calculated to repress and destroy.

We must not close with total silence on Mr. Canning's private character. The foul libel of infidelity, cast upon the life and death of as sincere a believer in Christianity as ever lived, merits no reply. He practiced in the various relations of life, what he professed as a Christian and a man. To his mother his wife, his children, his friends, his domestics and dependents, he put forth the several appropriate qualities, which in no instance failed to render their attachment inviolable.

In his own family he shone with the warmest and purest light—with glowing and hallowed influence; and his patriotism was but an expansion of his domestic goodness. "The father of a family, when he becomes a patriot, becomes father of a nation."

WULSTAN OF WORCESTER.

[*From Neele's Romance of History.*]

The Bishop, he could lift his hand,
And bless the kneeling crowd:
The Bish p, he could grasp a brand,
And chase the barons proud, OLD BALLAD.

"IT is in vain—it is in vain, my children! This unhappy kingdom is now experiencing the tender mercies of the Conqueror: our liberties are trampled under foot; our religion insulted and despised; and our reverend prelates selected one by one as lambs for the slaughter. The noble primate Stigand is deposed and imprisoned; the bishops of Selesey and Elmham have shared his fate, and my lord of Durham has fled the kingdom. I doubtless, am marked out as the next victim! To have had the mitre placed upon my brows by holy King Edward, is a crime which by this ingrate Norman will never be forgiven."

The speaker was a man of a stately figure and herculean proportions. The thin white locks upon his head, and the deep furrows on his cheek, proclaimed his advanced age; but indicated neither mental decay, nor bodily infirmity. His large bright blue eye gleamed with all the fire and vivacity of youth; and his step, as he paced the apartment, was firm and bold, although hurried and irregular. His features were agitated with an expression of mingled scorn and sorrow, and his hand, which bore a silver staff, crooked at the top, seemed quite as well fitted to grasp the sword as the crosier.

"Nay, my good lord!" said a young man, to whom clung a terrified maiden, and both of whom seemed deeply interested in the old man's emotions, "do not believe that the Conqueror, haughty and tyrannical as he is, will venture so far to outrage the feelings and opinions of his subjects as to strip your lordship of those dignities which you have worn so honourably. My father, too, stands high in the favour of his sovereign, and will not fail to exert his influence in behalf of our friend; a friend," he added looking with a smile towards, the maiden, who blushed deeply, "to whom we shall shortly be united by ties of a tenderer and yet stronger nature."

"Walter Fitzwalter," said the prelate, "I doubt not your father's honour or his friendship; but I know the blind feudal obedience which your Norman laws exact from a subject towards his sovereign. I know that friendship and duty, and filial, and parental, and conjugal love, have often been sacrificed by the vassal at the, command of his liege lord. Thou, Walter nevertheless, has Saxon blood in thy limbs and a heart in thy bosom; and the sun, which will most gladden these old eyes, will be that which brightens the morning of thy nuptials with my fair child."

The maiden blushed again, and the youth pressed her more closely to his bosom. She appeared to be two or three years younger than her suitor, that is to say, she had perhaps seen some eighteen or nineteen summers. Her form was tall and stately like her father's and although youth and bloom were upon her cheek, and her long auburn tresses fell in rich ringlets down her neck, while his locks were blanched with age, and his broad expansive brow was furrowed with deep wrinkles, still their features bore a remarkable resemblance. She was wonderfully fair; perhaps at the period to which this natrative refers, she might be called pale; for sorrow and suffering had intruded even into the high places of England, and left its traces on her once joyous countenance. Of her kindred, some had fallen in the field, some on the scaffold, and some were exiles in a foreign land: while her father, who had borne the episcopal staff for several years with honour to himself and benefit to his spiritual flock, was now waiting in expectation of the command of the Conqueror to resign it to some minion of his own. Her eyes were of a deep blue, and sparkled brightly even beneath the tears which now streamed plenteously from them.

"Dearest Father!" she exclaimed, "doubt not that we shall yet be happy. King William, although a Norman, knows how to respect your virtues and your years, you swore allegiance to him, as soon as you perceived that resistance to his authority would only prolong the civil dissensi ons of the kingdom without benefiting the Saxon cause, and have ever since maintained tranquility and obedience in your diocese."

"And did not Stigand, and Agelric, and Agelmare, the same," answered the Bishop; "and what is their reward? And have I not been spared thus long, only because this head has been sometimes known to doff the mitre for the helmet, and this bosom has changed the tunic for the corslet of mail; and my sleeves have occasionally been made of steel instead of lawn; but hark some one demands admittance."

A bugle was heard sounding at the gate of the episcopal palace, and presently an armed man, mounted on a stately white charger, was admitted into the court-yard. He was not long in dismounting, and being ushered into the presence of the Bishop, where having unbarred his vizor, he exhibited features, which were well known to all. The prelate extended his hand, the maiden made a lowly reverence, and the young man sinking on his knee, exclaimed, "Your blessing, my noble father your blessing."

"My Lord Eitzwalter," said the Bishop "peace be with you?"

"Wulstan of Worcester," returned the other "I greet you well."

"Ha!" said the prelate, "so blunt? It is long since I have heard myself styled plain Wulstan, and I did not expect that, the first time that title again greeted my ears, it should be from the lips of the Baron Fitzwalter."

"I dare not," said the Baron, "call you my Lord of Worcester, for I am the bearer of the King's command to inform you that you are no longer Bishop of this diocees."

"Is it even so!" said Wulstan; and then turning to the young people. "was I not gifted with the spirit of propheey? And pray, my Lord, may I crave to know of what crime poor Wulstan of Worcester has been guilty, that his hand, which has borne this pastoral staff so long may not retain it for the few years which yet remain of his mortal pilgrimage?"

"No crime is imputed to you, my Lord; but the King's conscience is troubled by his allowing you to retain the episcopal dignity which was conferred upon you by an usurper. You received your pall from Benedict IX. who was deposed for simony and intrusion into the papacy."

The features of Wulstan had as yet betokened only wounded pride and mortified dignity but his lip now writhed with an expression of unutterable scorn. "Death?" he cried, forgetting his sacerdotal character, "the King's conscience was not troubled when he forgot his coronation oath, whereby he swore to protect the church, to administer justice to repress violence, and to govern the Normans and the Saxons by equal laws."

"Pardon me, my Lord," said Fitzwalter, "if I say that I must not listen to these injurious accusations of my sovereign. I come not here to reason with you upon his commands, but to communicate them to you. A more reluctant messenger he could not have selected; but as he has intrusted me with this commission, I have no choice but inform you that you are commanded to appear before our Lord the King, at the Abbey of Westminster, at the Synod to be holden there on Monday next by our gracious Sovereign, assisted by the most Reverend Primate Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury; where you are to resign your ring and pastoral staff the King having deposed you from the see of Worcester, and appointed Robert of Orleans in your stead."

"Oh! my father!" said Walter Fitzwalter, "surely the King knows not what he is doing, or how generally and deservedly the good Wulstan is beloved. A word, a breath from thee——"

"Peace, inconsiderate boy," said the Baron, interrupting him. His Grace of Canterbury, to whom such an office more properly belongs, tells me that he has endeavoured to act the mediator between the King and my Lord Wulstan, but without effect. His purpose is fixed and unalterable."

"Then, my sweest Edith," said Walter turning to his fair companion, "although I may not wed the heiress of Worcester's dignified prelate yet the fair and virtuous daughter of good Wulstan shall still rule the heart of Walter Fitzwalter."

A cloud gathered on the Baron's brow, and his breast seemed agitated by a variety of contending emotions. "My son," he said, "banish these idle feelings from your bosom. When I gave my consent to your union with this fair damsel, her father had not fallen under the displeasure of the King. It would ill become a Fitwalter to espouse the daughter of a man who has been degraded from his dignities by his sovereign."

"My lord Fitzwalter," exclaimed the deprived Bishop, "Wulstan of Worcester, the descendant of a long line of illustrious, saxon ancestors whose brows were honoured with the mitre by the sacred hands of holy King Edward, was never degraded till this moment, when a Norman adventurer, a baron, the creation of a Duke whose fathers were themselves Norwegian marauders, has dared to consider an union with his family a disgrace. Fare you well, my lord; I shall meet the King at Westminster, and trust me, that neither Edith nor I shall in future give you reason to apprehend that your family honour may be tarnished by an union with us."

As the Bishop spake, his eye flashed fire, and his outstretched arm and haughty brow fully confirmed the truth of his assertion that the steel gauntlet would fit his wrist as well as the lawn sleeve. The Baron seem startled, and had instinctively grasped his sword; but as he remembered the years, and the sacred character of the person with whom he conversed and with whom he had been on the point of being so nearly allied, it dropped again into its scabbard. Edith clung to her father with a grasp of mingled fear and affection, and Walter stood half advanced between the angry speakers, for whom he felt an equal veneration, yet was eager and ready to repress the violence of either. The Baron seized his son's arm, and was withdrawing him from the apartment, when Edith exclaimed, "Walter, dear Walter! leave me not thus."

The youth sprang towards her and would have clasped her in his arms, but the fathers of both were on the alert to prevent their embraces'

"Edith! child!" said Wulstan, "load not my grey head with the only dishonour which can fall upon it. Let not my daughter cling to the proud Normans who spurn her!"

"Walter!" said the Baron, "are thy father's and thy King's displeasure alike contemned? It were better for thee that you wert in thy grave than wedded to the daughter of a man disgraced."

Wulstan's fury would at this speech have proceeded to violence, had not the Baron hastily retreated from the apartment followed by his son, who hoped that a more favourable opportunity would occur for reconciling these unhappy differences.

When Edith retired to her chamber that evening, her bosom heaved with a thousand painful reflections. For Walter Fitzwalter she entertained the tenderest and most ardent affection. He was the son of a Norman nobleman of the highest rank and reputation, who had married a Saxon lady, and with whom, until the period of the invasion of England by Duke William, Bishop Wulstan had been upon terms of intimacy and friendship. The addresses of Walter were encouraged both by Edith and her father, and appeared certain of being crowned with success, untill the period when the Duke of Normandy perferred his claim to the English Crown. That event put an end to all intercourse between Saxons and Normans, and Walter left the island, to return to it in a short time accompanied by his father, in the army which afterwards achieved the victory of Hastings. The rapid successes of the Conqueror, and the unqualified submission of all England to his sway, induced Wulstan to take the oath of fealty to the man against whom he had not only preached and declaimed, but had, notwithstanding his age and clerical character, actually borne arms on the fatal day which made him lord of the destinies of England. He then began to remember that Walter had Saxon blood in his veins—that he sincerely loved and was beloved by Edith—and would sometimes even go so far as to argue that the Normans and the Saxons had one common northern origin, and that the short sojourn of the former in Neustria was not of itself sufficient to cut asunder the bond of consanguinity and amity. The Baron Fitzwalter and his son soon afterwards became, once more, welcome visitors at the episcopal palace of Worcester, and the youth and the maiden were again formally betrothed to each other.

Edith sat at her casement-window, ruminating painfully on the events which had just occurred. The world, politics, the claims of contending families to the English crown, were nought to her; and she could not understand why things like these should stand in the way of the love which she and Walter entertained for each other. She gazed upon the broad and rapid Severn, whose waters almost washed the walls of her father's palace, while the stately spires and columns of the cathedral rose on its opposite bank, and the majestic summits of Malvern towered in the distance. She thought how often, on such a night as this, when the tops of those stately hills, the spires of that venerable pile, and the waters of that translucent stream, glittered in the pale light moonbeams, she had wandered with her lover, entranced in admiration of the enchanting scenery: while Walter, who was a professor of "the gay science," of no mean reputation, would touch his lute, and raise his voice in celebration of her beauty and his passion. She thought too (and) how, like a dream, all that bliss had passed away in an instant, and left nothing but the sorrowful realities of life to fill its place. Tears streamed down her lids, and she had just closed the casement, for the purpose of retiring to her pillow, when a familiar sound met her ear. Surely it was Walter's lute, and it was Walter's hand that touched it. A low sweet prelude was played; they were the very notes with which, but a few minutes before, her thoughts had been occupied, and then a voice, in whose tones she could not be mistaken, warbled the following well-remembered lines:

"Love! thou has done me wrong to wage,
Thy war within my heart,
Ne'er bringing Mercy to assuage
The rankling of thy dart.
Where Mercy is not, Love is found
A tyrant haught and proud;
Love, let thy knee salute the ground,
At Mercy's footstool bow'd,

Surely the greatest of the great.
The best among the good,
May bid those powers together mate,
Oh! lady, calm their feud,
That thou canst blend in union meek
Things more opposed than they.
The white and red upon thy cheek
In love's own language say,

Once on my lip (my bliss to seal)
Thine own a kiss impress'd.
And ever since that time I feel
Love's pangs within my breast.
Give me again that kiss so dear
Which my heart's peace betray'd,
That kiss, which like Achilles' spear,
Can heal the wound it made."

Edith again unclosed the casement. A light skiff was on the river: the moonbeams fell directly upon it, and she had no difficulty in recognizing Walter, who stood up in the boat, and held a bow and arrow in his hand. He waved his hand towards her, and pointed his arrow at the casement. She immediately stepped aside, and presently the arrow was shot into the apartment. A little scroll was bound to the shaft, which she opened and read.

"To-morrow, dearest Edith, an hour before noon, your father will depart from the palace, in obedience to the King's summons, to attend the synod at Westminster, My father will leave his castle about the same time for the same purpose. Within an hour after his departure I will be at the palace gates. The Seneschal knows my plot, and will conduct you to me. I have steeds fleet as the wind, which will bear us speedily to the abbey of St. Anne, The Abbot is my friend, and will unite us in those bonds which neither kings nor synods can dissolve. Kiss but thy hand to me, in token that thou consentest to seal the happines[illegible]

The scroll was no sooner [illegible] maiden re-appeared at the win[illegible] her lover the testimony whic[illegible] Walter kissed his hand in retu[illegible] boat was seen rapidly gliding d[illegible] while the youth's late uttered [illegible] notes of gratitude and benedict[illegible]

The next morning was [illegible] and all the roads leading to the [illegible] full of the gaiety and bust[illegible] the throng of persons hasteni[illegible] The good Wulstan had bee[illegible] affectionately greeted by the [illegible] and his retinue passed. Son[illegible] with their acclamations, other[illegible] roadside and implored his bles[illegible] few breathed curses "not loud [illegible] the Conqueror and his Norm[illegible] Fitzwalter and his train. as[illegible] were received with respectful sil[illegible] however, with any demonstration of [illegible] ment. Other great peers and prelates had also an opportunity of learning the sentiments which the multitude entertained towards them. The popular murmurs, however, were most loudly expressed, as, late in the day, and at a hurried pace, Robert of Orleans, the destined successor of Wulstan, rode through the city of Worcester, escorted by a band of Norman knights." Wulstan for ever!"—"Hallowed be the memory o[illegible] the go[illegible] tions w[illegible] the me[illegible] he cri[illegible] for an[illegible] as rap[illegible] and th[illegible] the op[illegible] to the [illegible]

* L[illegible] ties a[illegible] actual [illegible] first s[illegible] seiles, [illegible] to two [illegible] in ad[illegible] urgin[illegible]

(Continued in the [illegible]

WEDNESDAY. 1st OCTOBER 1828.

(Continued from the Second Sheet.)

as speedily as possible, "what read'st thou yonder?" "'Tis a stately knight and a gentle maiden, who, methinks, seem to have but marvellous small desire for a more intimate acquaintance with us." "Spur ye—spur ye, my good friends," said the Bishop-elect. "I would fain understand more of this matter." The Normans urged their steed to the full extent of their mettle, but would not have been able to overtake the fugitives had not the maiden evidently been unable to support the fury of the chase. Once, as the pursuers approached, the youth turned round, and with an expression of menace on his countenance, shook his spear at them? "By the holy Virgin?" said Raymond, "'tis the son of the Baron Fitzwalter; and I would stake my noblest falcon against the vilest coystril in England, that his companion is Edith Worcester, Wulstan's daughter, with whom, during the absence of his father, he would steal in to the bonds of matrimony." "Say you so?" said Robert of Orleans: "but I must not have Fitzwalter and Wulston too nearly allied, or my head may yet ache long for the mitre which I thought was already encircling it. Seize them, and, should they resist, cleave them to the ground."

"Save ye good master Walter," said Raymond, as he and his companions surrounded the youth, and wretched weapon from his hand, "I little thought to have the honour of your company on the road to Westminster."

"I travel not to Westminster," said the youth, "but am escorting this lady to the Abbey of St. Anne, within whose sacred walls she is going to reside as the safest asylum for her during the absence of her father at the synod."

"'Tis a trim story master Walter, and well worthy the inventive genius of a Provencal poet of thy fame—but of a surety, although versed in 'la gaie science,' thou hast no skill in prophecy, for 'tis to Westminster that thou must travel, and not to the Abbey of St. Anne."

"Guard them well," said Robert of Orleans, who at that moment came up, 'Tis a case which the King himself must hear and decide. My Lord Fitzwalter, who will be present at the synod, will also be anxious, although not much gratified to learn how his son comports himself in his absence."

Resistance was vain, and Walter Fitzwalter was not one who, when his arm was shackled, could ease his heart in words. In sullen silence, therefore he submitted to the dictates of his captors, and rode on in the same direction with them. The terrified maiden, mute and pale, followed the example of her lover. "'Twas well, my lord,' said Raymond, "that accident detained you beyond your appointed hour. The springald had timed his shot bravely, and had we been two hours advanced on the road to Westminster, the Holy Abbot of St. Anne's had rendered unnessary the pains which we are now taking."

On the day on which the synod was held, the whole population of Westminster, and (notwithstanding the distance between the two cities) of London also, seemed to be assembled in the vicinity of the abbey. The rumour that Wulstan of Worcester had been summoned to resign his pastoral staff to a Norman, had spread far and wide, and had caused an extraordinary sensation. The Bishop was almost idolized among the Saxons. His virtues were numerous, his liberality of an extent corrspondent to the princely revenues with which he was endowed; and, although he was reputed to be an indifferent scholar, his eloquence was overwhelmingly powerful. He had, moreover, enjoyed the special favour of the late King, Edward the Confessor; who, although slighted and neglected in his lifetime, was after his death remembered with the utmost affection and veneration by his people, and even canonized by his pope. As the Bishop moved through the crowds collected outside the Abbey, clad in his episcopal robes, and bearing his silver staff in his hand, the multitude knelt down reverently before him, and bowed their heads to receive his blessing. The soldiers, who guarded the entrance to the Abbey, received him very differently. Although they bowed their heads and crossed themselves when a Norman prelate passed, they remained as immovable as statues when any one of the few Saxons, who still retained that dignity, entered the sacred edifice. Wulstan, however, only grasped his staff more resolutely, and trod with a firmer step as he moved between these irreverent sentinels. An expression of a peanse which from the multitude as he entered the Abbey was instantly silenced by the uplifted spears of the soldiers and then a tumult of angry and half-suppressed whispering pervaded the dense and rapidly increasing crowd.

Before the high altar, and near the tomb of Edward the Confessor, was erected a throne of great splendour and magnificence, under a superb canopy of state. On it sat a man apparently about five and-thirty years of age, holding a sceptre in his hand, with the diadem of England on his head, and surrounded with all the insignia of royalty. Without this extrinsic symbols of his rank, however, the lightning glance of his keen blue eye, the haughty but majestic loftiness of his brow, and the imperions smile with which his lip was curled, sufficiently indicated William the Conqueror. On his right hand, on a seat somewhat lower, sat Lanfranc, a Milanese Monk, who had been recently elevated to the primacy, and who, by virtue of his distinguished station presided over the synod. Several bishops, abbots and other dignified ecclesiastics, including Robert of Orleans, sat around him, The Baron Fitzwalter and other Norman lords, stood on the left hand of the monarch, who, as Wulstan entered, and bowed before the royal presence, stooped down and conversed for a few seconds with the primate.

"Wulstan, sometime Bishop of Worcester," said Lanfranc, "I am commanded by our Sovereign Lord King William, to inform you that he has been pleased to remove you from the station which you have so long unworthily occupied, seeing that you are an unlearned and foolish person, ignorant of the French language, and wholly incapable either to instruct the church or to counsel the King. I therefore, call upon you to deliver up your pastoral ring and staff, that I may give it to him whom the King has been pleased to nominate as your successor."

Wulstan drew himself up proudly to reply, and his tall form and sinewy limbs seemed to expand to colossal dimensions as he spake: "I know, my Lord Archbishop," he said, "that I am entirely unfit and unworthy of so high a station, being undeserving of the honour, and unequal to the task; and yet I think it unreasonable that you should demand that staff of me which I never received from you. However, in some measure, I submit to your sentence, and will resign that staff; but I consider it just to make that resignation to none other than King Edward the Holy Confessor, who conferred it "on me."

Thus ending, he rose, and crossed the church towards King Edward's tomb. "Bold traitor!" said the King, "art thou mad? or whither would thy insolence lead thee?" Wulstan heeded not even to hear the indignant exclamation of the monarch, but approaching the tomb, he knelt down before it and said: "Thou knowest, O holy King! that with much unwillingness, and even by force was I constrained to take this office upon me: for neither the desire of the prelates, the petitions of the monks, nor the voice of the nobility prevailed, till thy commands were laid upon me. But now, behold, there are a new King and new Lords; and a new Bishop pronounces a new sentence. Thee they accuse of fondness for making me a bishop, and me of assurance for consenting to become one. Nevertheless, not unto them, but unto thee will I resign my staff."

Thus saying he rose, and striking his staff with extraordinary force and violence on the tomb, it penetrated above an inch into the solid stone, and remained there fixed. The King, who had risen from his throne, on perceiving the impassioned gestures of Wulstan, sunk back into it again, with a smile of contempt, when he saw that his passion had ended in a display so impotent.

"If," he said, "the wounded vanity of the old dotard can be thus alleviated, be it even so. My good Lord Robert of Orleans, pluck, I pray thee, that episcopal staff away, and keep it for thy pains."

The Norman monk descended from his seat, and proceeded with alacrity to seize upon the symbol of his new honours; but he might as easily with his single arms have uprooted the oak from its firm foundations, as have removed the staff from the place in which the hand of Wulstan had planted it. "Death!" cried the King, foaming with passion, have our Norman prelates such girlish muscles, that they can not unseat the planting of that old driveller's arm. My Lord Archbishop, bring me the staff!"

Lanfranc, a man apperantly of superior strenght to Wulstan, and of fewer years, then approached the tomb, but his efforts were as unavailing as those of his brother monk. The King, with a mixture of wonder and contempt in his contenance, derided their imbecile efforts; and, at length, to punish their effeminacy, promised to confer the bishopric upon which ever of the ecclesiatics could remove the staff. The reverend fathers, one and all, laboured painfully, and no doubt, with hearty good will, but all were at length obliged to abandon the task in despair,

The King incensed almost to madness, leaped from his throne, and approaching the tomb, seized the silver staff in his own Herculean grasp. It shook in his sinewy hand, but to remove it from its place seemed impossible. The big drops started from his brow, and he gasped for breath with the violence of his exertions before he relinquished his hold.

Wulstan, who had resumed his seat, now again approached the tomb of King Edward, and taking the staff into his hand removed it as easily as Sampson broke his manacles.* The whole assembly seemed panic-struck—for a moment they gazed on, in breathless silence and then, "a miracle! a miracle!" was shouted out by every one present. Some of the populace, who had pressed into the aisles of the Abbey, cried, "Blessed be the memory of good King Edward—honour to his servant Wulstan!' and the cry caught and echoed by the assembled crowd without, until the arches of the Abbey rang with its reverberations.

"The will of Heaven be done!" said the Conqueror, approaching Wulstan. "Keep, my Lord of Worcester, the pastoral staff which your hand has borne so long with honour, and may God pardon us for having listened to evil counsellors who were plotting the destruction of one of his most faithful servants. But Robert,' he said, turning to the disappointed candidate for the episcopacy, "was there not a charge against some persons in your custody to which you would crave our attention?"

"Truly, my liege,' said the monk, who entertained some hope that he might still remove Wulstan from the monarch's favour; "such a charge have I to prefer, and it grieves me much to say that it is a charge in which my Lord of Worcester is implicated,"

"Give it utterance then, reverend father," said the King, resuming his seat upon the throne, "and we will listen to it attentively."

Robert of Orleans then motioned to some of his attendants, who immediately disappeared, and shortly afterwards returned, leading the lovers, to whom the reader has already been introduced; into the royal presence.

"My liege," said the monk, "I charge my Lord of Worcester with the practice of magic, witchcraft, and other diabolical arts. I charge him that by means similar to those by which he has this day, I fear, deceived you and this reverend synod; he has seduced this youth from his allegiance to his king, and, his duty to his father, and fixed his affections upon this damsel, his daughter."

"Nay," said the King, smiling," 'tis a comely youth, and a most sweet maiden, and methinks that it needed not much magic to fix the stripling's affections in the place to which they have wandered. But what says my Lord Fitzwalter—doth this match meet with his disapprobation?"

My liege," said the Baron, "I have to crave this reverend prelate's pardon for my late unworthy carriage towards him, and to supplicate his consent to the marriage of his fair daughter with my son."

"Freely, freely, is that pardon granted, and that offence forgotten." said Wulstan delighted at being able to seal the happiness of two persons to whom he was ardently attached.

"Then,' said the king the first duty which my Lord of Worcester shall now perform on the restoration of his functions shall be the union of this fair pair in the bonds of matrimony. Proceed, my lord, in your holy office; and as the damsel will want some one to perform the duty of a parent on this occasion, perhaps she will not refuse the tender of the services of William of Normandy.

A shout, which seemed to rend the roof of the venerable pile under which they were assembled, burst from the multitude. Wulstan pronounced the marriage rites, the King gave away the blushing bride, and a day which had been ushered in with so many lamentations and ominous forebodings, clased amidst expressions of general satisfaction and delight.

* Hollinshed.

UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENTS.

[From the Travels of Theodore Elbert, a young Swede.]

No. 11.—*London.*

This, then, is St. Paul's. What a miracle of man's pride; but how little does it suggest of man's humility? Here are proportion, size, strenght, all the meaner attributes of beauty, and beauty, too, itself. But how little of fitness? There is nothing of religion. The emblems on the funeral monuments are all of the earth, earthy. The whiteness of the light, the bright, active business of the are, a the payment at the door, the hard, solid worldly look of the Cathedral monials; what have these to do, I will not say with Christianity, but with any other feeling than curiosity, with any deep sympathy, any trembling aspiration, with faith, or hope or charity? Nothing—nothing whatsoever. It may be a good Cathedral; I am sure it is a bad church. This wide bleak circumference, with the dusty banners above, and the statues of victory, and Neptune, and the stone lions around it, and the pattering feet and loud tones of idle wanderers; it is an exchange, a showroom, a promenade—any thing but a temple. It has nothing of the shadowy magnificence of the Teutonic minster, harmonising so well with all our higher and more obscure feelings. It was made as a haunt for Deans and Prebendaries; but who would think of bringing to it his prayers, his thanksgivings, and penitence?

But, leaving the interior of the church, and mounting to one of the outer galleries, there is a change indeed, We lose St. Paul's and see nothing but London. The building becomes no more than a vantage ground, from which to contemplate the vast city. Far and wide spreads over the earth the huge, dim capital of the world. Look northward over that province of brick, to the dim outlines of the hill which seems scarce more than a part of the murky atmosphere; and west towards that other realm of houses, outstripping the gaze, and encircling other distant towers, and stretching away to the seats of government and legislation: and again south, where the wilderness of human habitations is cleft by the wide and gleaming river, laden with all its bridges, and flechered with a myriad of keels for wealth or idleness; and see, too, the broad fronts and soaring pinnacles of a hundred churches, and the port that raises against the sky its trellis-work of innumerable masts: and over all this, is one hue of smoke, and one indistinguishable hum of activity.

It is difficult to reduce one's thoughts and feelings at such a spectacle, to any thing definite. The mind at first, is all vague restless astonishment, and while the eye wanders over leagues of building: and sees every where the same working mass of busy vitality. How is it that the scene has been produced, which so fills and stirs us? How is it, that this portion of the world has been so cut off from all the rest, and set apart as the agent of such peculiar impressions? Time has been when there was nothing here but marsh and meadow, and woody knoll, and the idle river rolling down its waters between banks only troden by the wolf and elk, to a sea, whither no human eye had ever traced its course. Time was, when the shaggy savage first leaned upon his club on yonder northern hill turning his eager eyes over the green plain, and the broad river; and then led down some straggling horde of barbarians to rear their huts of mud and wicker beside the stream, perhaps upon the very spot now filled by this enormous pile of architecture. The wicker was changed for brick and wood, and the narrow dungeon, which were the homes of the other generations, threw their shadows over the weapons of the Roman legions, and over faces which wore the hues of every climate under the sun. The city became the home of burghers, the haunt of nobles, the seat of kings. The massy bridge, the moated castle rose; and the clumsy boats of those centuries began to float hitherward with every tide, till, with the halls of hundreds of Barons, and the guilds of hundreds of trades, now filled with mustering armies, now desolated by plagues and famines, sometimes active with revolt, and again glittering with royal triumphs, London became a mighty city. The growth of many ages, the greatness of a whole people have made it what it is. Successes, which gave wealth to the nation, gave more than its share to the captial; which desolated the country, have driven its polpulation hither. The commerce of the world pours into its gates, and circulates through all its streets. Here are the thrones of three kingdoms, and of three-score colonies, of the provinces of the west, and the empires of the east, and hither come the gifts of subject millions. The tides of every sea, and the wheels of every manufactory on earth speed the current of existance through the veins of London. And thus it is, that I am now surveying at a glance, this whole immense domain of bustle and competition, a kingdom of swarming streets, an enormus concentration of human wealth, power, and misery.

The recollections of London but little accord with the feeling produced by the sight of it. At a distance, we think of a few resplendently bright, of a few pre-eminently dark, points in its history. The slaughter of Roman Catholic and Portestant martyrs by royal tyranny and sectarian intolerance,—the escape of the five members to the city,—the study of Milton,—the scaffold of Vane. But when we look upon the scene itself, we see little but the wide-spread collection of vulgar desires and fierce passions,—the size of Mammon's temple, and the number of his worshippers. We scarcely connect the idea of religion with those churches which are so entirely imbedded among wordly structures, and many of which we know to be completely the mere husks and shadows of devotion, scarcely ever entered even by a score out of all

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those thousands now hurrying past them,—empty pretence, and solemn mockeries! There is little to indicate any nobler intelligence than the mechanical among the crowds all bent upon gain, and surrounded by the ingenious devices of luxury, which mingle in yonder streets for the various rivalries of traffic. Every thing around is so alien from meditation, that we are inclined not to study and think upon it, but to take part in its restlessness, and give ourselves up to its absorbing interests. There is nothing here to which any feeling attaches itself, but the inclusion beneath our eyes of so many hundreds of thousands of our fellowmen. Extent, number, ceaseless and multitudinous occupation,—these are the objects which strike us. The detail are only interesting as linked to these. For there is here no crumbling pyramid, or shattered Coliseum; no volcanic mountain filling the atmosphere of a city with the menace of death. But we are face to face with a larger mass of living and busy humanity than on any other spot of the world's surface.

And is not this enough to think of? If the height on which I stand would enable me to look down into the hearts of the crowds which pass beneath me, what could earth show of more profound and intense interest? These confluent streams of life are big with a thousand varieties of opinion and feeling, into all of which we can in some degree enter, and which cannot be thought of without an anxious and mysterious curiosity. The greater number of these persons are ignorant, misguided, opposing their will to duty, never to passion, utterly reckless and almost utterly wretched. I have, as it were, beneath my hand, a million of living souls; yet, in fact, to moral purposes, dead and decaying. Nurtured in alternations of toil and vice, they are, through life, bound down by the tyrannous necessities of their daily existence, or only loosed at intervals for the relaxation of debasing excess. Their sympathies are deadened by the want of sympathy round them; for the greedy poverty of the crowd has devoured almost all their love for their neighbour, and the more ravening selfishness of the rich, has alas! swallowed up the whole of theirs. These myriads know scarce any thing, but the pressure of the hour; the retrospect of the past is similarly painful; and, when they look forward for a moment to the future, they transfer to it the direct suffering or the unsatisfying pretence of pleasure which deforms the present. The dust eats the dust; and the image of God is degraded in man to the likeness of the beasts that perish. Yet wherefore should this be so? There are also in the city I look upon hundreds, at least, of expansive hearts and searching intellects, not indeed arrived at clear satisfaction, yet stirred by the prompting consciousness that there is a higher aim of being than the outward world or our senses and passions can furnish. They vary perhaps on innumerable subjects of prudence, of duty, of religion; but while there is within a living power, restless and aspiring, there are also hope, and strength, and comfort. But, above all, there may be even now moving among those undistinguished swarms below me or dwelling upon that dim eminence which rises in the distance, some great and circular mind, accomplished in endowment, of all-embracing faculties, with a reason that pervades like light, and an imagination that embodies the essence of all truth in the forms of all beauty,—even such an one as C.——, the brave, the charitable, the gentle, the pious, the mighty philosopher, the glorious Scot. how strange is the bond which unites all these together under the name of man! Or is not that which they have in common, the very capacity, by the cultivation of which we might exal the meanest of those I see, into perhaps the highest perfection I have thought of?

I am now standing on a building which proclaims to every eye in the capital of England the nominal supremacy of Christianity; yet nine in ten of its inhabitants never turn a though towards the benevolence and piety of Christ, while the majority of the remainder, with all the phrases ready in their mouths, which make their speech a confused jargon of worldliness and religion, yet feel, it is to be feared, no whit of love to God or man, but angrily cling to their seat, and idolatrously bow to some lifeless creed. Nor is this to be wondered at. Every thing around us tends to make religion a matter of forms, and names, and lip-service, and thereby to deprive it of all permanent hold upon the hearts of men. All, all is selfishness in the conduct of every one of the corporations which compose or minister to the Government: selfishness in the intercourse of society: selfishness in the anxiety of every class to weigh down those below it. But where is the attempt at the moral culture of the people? Or who the men that, without thought for the feeding of their own vanity, or the spread of their own power, go forth in courage and sincerity for the regeneration of their country? If such there be, (and *some* such there are; that is one of two,) where are the signs of their exertions? Track home to their lanes and cellars the craftsmen and the labourers, the servants of our pleasure, and see amid their families the unquiet tempers, the sullen rages, the evil cravings, the mutual unrepentant reproaches, which add a sting to penury, and throw poison into the waters of bitterness. But if, instead of stopping there by the squalid hreshe of the poor, we turn away to the dwellings of the rich, how much is changed in the shape, but how little in the material! Here, too, are jealousies and hatreds, and malignity, vulgar anxieties, and miserable ambitions. To be sure, the lean cheek of envy is fed from plate instead of earthenware, and self-oblivion is sought for in the costliest, not the cheapest, intoxication; but the miserable debasement of human nature shows as foul in velvet and jewels as in rags. Alas! if Jesus Christ were again to come on earth, as before, in humility and poverty, and were to lift up his voice in the streets of London, as in those of Jerusalem, he would scarce have less to prove, and would scare be more earnestly listened to. Would not the rich pass by the houseless wanderer with self-complacent scorn, or the rabble look with indifference or mockery on one whose garments were no gayer than their own, and who yet would tell them, in authoritative accents of justice, and truth, and mercy? The professed successors of Christ's apostles would invoke the law against a low-born teacher; the doors of this temple would be closed against him, if he came without a fee; and all the sects of England would be ready to cry out,' Away with him!, away with him' because he would establish no empty forms consecrate no mere words, dictate no creed, and teach without a catechism.

Look at that dark roof,—it covers a prison: and there the laws of the country proclaim that the most atrocious guilt is collected— the worst moral diseases. We do nothing to make men self-denying and conscientious. The Government says, If you do not agree with us on every point of doctrine, you have no title to become wise or good, and we will not assist you.' We surround the people with innumerable temptations. We do little towards instructing, nothing towards educating them; and we set them the perpetual example of secure selfishness. A wretched child born perhaps in a work-house, and nurtured in a brothel, is taught to gain his daily bread by crime; and compelled, by the menaces of his protectors and the physical sufferings of hunger, to trample down his moral repugnance, plunders some rich man's superfluity. Again and again, perhaps, he succeeds: at last comes the sudden vengeance of the law; and, to remedy the evil, he is thrown into a prison; probably the only abode on earth worse than his habitual home. He learns still more to glory in criminal enterprise. The pride of endurance comes to his aid: and with no good feeling strengthened, no new idea of man's social relations or higher duties communicated he is disgorged, an outcast upon the world, again to prey upon his kind; until, before he is yet a man, some consummate outrage brings him to the scaffold. Then through all these streets pours the dense throng of eager spectators, and, while the bell sounds from yonder tower, thousands without a thought either of terror or compassion, but with the same love of excitement which makes them seek the inferior stimulus of a dram, hurry from every corner of London to see the horrible removal from the world of a being, who, perhaps, never heard the name of God or duty, or received a sympathy of a human creature. Such is society, such is London, Such the perfect working of the church, which reared the fabric I stand upon, and which professes to teach the universal love, whereby we may arrive at the temple not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

Such scenes as these might well disgust us with cities. It has been often said, and is in some degree true, that the evils of humanity are increased by being brought together in towns; that corruption thus communicates corruption, and that, in these hot-beds, every vice bears fruit after its kind. But be it remembered, that good has a tendency to spread as well as ill, and is no less living and reproductive. In the enormous assemblage of minds I now survey, what an object is there for good men to act upon! Evil as are the arts, and discoveries, and means of enjoyment, heaped up and displayed in this vast storehouse of the world and treasury of invention, if they be considered as in themselves final ends, how immeasurably valuable are they as instruments of real improvement! And above all, placed here at the central heart and moving springs of the whole social earth, every beneficial impulse we may give will thrill, not merely through all the mass of this, the capital city of mankind, but will be felt in the utmost limits and recesses of the globe! From this spot, the beneficent energy of a single man may produce good to the future generations of the whole race, which will be felt and celebrated, not merely when his bones are among the graves of the church-yard beneath my eye, but when the church-yard itself shall be encumbered with the ruins of this great structure; when the remains of a fallen city shall have choked up the channel of yonder river; when these palaces and towers shall have no inhabitant but the owl, and no visitant but the forest deer; and silence and desolation shall prevail where once was London.

MACREADY'S MACBETH IN PARIS.

Among the good effects of the active literary intercourse which now seems established between Great Britain and the Continent, we hope may be reckoned its tendency to counteract that disposition to depreciate foreign merit, which unfortunately prevails, more or less, in all countries, and certainly not in the least degree in our own. The drama is the branch of literature with respect to which this disposition has most decidedly, and, we think, most unreasonably, displayed itself; more particularly in the questions raised between ourselves and our nearest neighbours across the Channel. They accuse us of disregarding all rules, though the early drama of other countries is equally irregular; and we prefer against them the charge of a slavish imitation of ancient models,—though a people a little more remote from us, namely, the Italians, have been still more remarkable for instances of a strict adherence to the forms of Greek tragedy. Vicinage seems, therefore, to have exasperated the disputants, as if it were thought patriotic to contemn the understanding as well as the powerss of one's rivals.

We wish we could say that this spirit had been confined to the vulgar panders to national hostility; but, unfortunately, it must be confessed, that it has insinuated itself into some superior minds, and has made genius and learning its instruments. Flippant observations and rash judgments on the drama of each country, disfigure the literature of both. Perhaps, in this contest, we have not been the least culpable; for, though Voltaire is much complained of on our side, yet Voltaire was not so ignorant of English literature as some of our Aristarchuses have shown themselves to be of French. Besides, if Voltaire censured inconsiderately at one part of his life, he compensated by sounder criticism at another, when increased knowledge, and more mature judgment, give weight to his opinion. Thirty years after he had called Shakspeare *un saltimbanque* and *un sauvage pris de vin*, he acknowledged him to be *un génie sublime,—le peintre de la nature et de la verité*.

Precipitate opinion on foreign literature, as well as on other matters, are much more common than the subsequent correction of error, on better information. With respect to the drama, though the subject has been treated by men of profound learning, we venture to say, that one essential means of judging has generally been wanting. Setting aside the question of the unities, it is obvious that it must be extremely difficult, (perhaps it would not be too much to say impossible,) for a person who possesses only a literary knowledge of a language, to feel the text of a dramatic composition in the same manner as a native of the country in which that language is indigenous. Sentiments and ideas which delight us, when happily expressed in the ever-pleasing accents of a mother-tongue, will often appear degraded by a perfectly correct translation into another language. But if English literature has sometimes suffered from the undignified or imperfect dress in which foreigners have clothed it, we have not been much behind them in similar travesties. We recollect an instance wherein an eminent English critic has represented Racine, as making Ulysses say, in reference to the sacrifice of Iphigenia, I am ready to cry.' Now this, through a strictly correct translation of the original words, 'Je suis prêt do pleurer is by no means a fair one in a tragic sense. But substitute, 'I almost weep,' or,' I can scarce refrain from tears,' and that which strikes us as low and ridiculous in the critic's version disappears.

We are glad, however, to find that the interchange of dramatic representations of French in London, and English in Paris, seems to be equally encouraged in both countries. Nothing could be better calculated to improve the spirit of criticism, to teach the two nations to appreciate each other justly, and to diminish, if not entirely remove, many prejudices which ignorance has fostered on both sides. That this has, in some degree, already been effected, appears from some candid criticisms which we have, within these few days, observed in the Paris journals, on the appearance of Macready on the stage of the *Salle Favart*, and which has led to these observations.

A writer in the *Journal des debats* thus describes Macready, and comments on his first appearance. 'Macready is, take him all in all, a fine actor. He is of tall stature, and his strongly marked muscles indicate that degree of physical strength which is suitable to a tragedian, and above all to a representative of Shakspeare's characters. His countenance, though not regularly handsome, possesses great power of expression. His voice, though not of that character best suited to the expression of tragical sentiments, is nevertheless clear and distinct; and Macready frequently contrives, by broken—by half-articulated words, uttered in an under tone, to produce the most overpowering effect on the feelings of his audience. It cannot be denied that this actor possesses both intelligence and energy; but so difficult is the character of *Macbeth*, that he does not fulfil the idea formed of it by an impartial reader of Shakspeare. The character persents a multitude of delicate shades which seemed to escape the actor, who, in the presence of a French audience, probably felt himself sometimes under restraint, and sometimes at liberty to use freedoms, upon which he would not otherwise have ventured.

In spite of the extravagant praises which our gallant neighbours have hitherto lavished on Miss Smithson, they are compelled to acknowledge, that the character of Lady Macbeth, which has been assigned to her, is somewhat *au dessus de sa force*.

The French, who are always reluctant to admit of the appearance of ghosts in tragedy, complain, that, in the representation of. Macbeth, few pains were taken to reconcile them to what they style the *Phantasmagorie Britannique*. One critic, who seems to have expected, even in a stage ghost, something like the shadowy effect which Retsch has given to the buried Majesty of Denmark, complains, that the figure of Banquo, instead of rising spectre-like from the earth, advances from the side scenes, *tout aussi bien portant, aussi grass te aussi proprement habillé*, as ever he was in his life time,—and the ghost was, moreover, so very *artistement coiffée*, that the question.

'Why dost thou *shake thy gory* locks at me?'

was perfectly unintelligible.

In conclusion, it may be observed, that though the writers in the French Journals fall into mistakes respecting our literature, which are pardonable in foreigners, yet their criticism is candid, and proves that a certain knowledge of the English drama is more common in France than it has hitherto been supposed to be.

SECRET THOUGHTS OF KINGS.

[From an unpublished Manuscript bequeathed by Frederick the Great, of Prussia, to his Royal Nephew Frederick William the Third,]

Of Religion.

'Religion is absolutely necessary to a state. This is an axiom which we should be fools to dispute. The sovereign, who allows his subjects to abuse religion, is a mere dolt; and, if he possess any himself, is no better. Listen well to what I say, my dear nephew; there is no greater tyrant over the mind and heart than religion, for she does not harmonise with our passions, nor with the enlarged views of policy which a sovereign ought to entertain. The only true religion a prince can know, is his own interest and glory. His position will dispense with his following any oth . He may, however, be permitted to maintain its appearance on occasion, by way of amusing those who observe and surround him.

If he fear God, or, more properly speaking, the language of priests and women,—if he fear the devil, like Louis the XIVth., in his old age, he becomes feeble and puerile; he is worthy of the Capuchin's cowl. Is it an object to take advantage of a favourable opportunity and seize upon a neighbour's territory? An army of devils start up before you to prevent your purpose: we are weak enough to believe that we should be guilty of injustice, and take measure with our own hands of the punishment consequent upon our transgression. Still I do not mean to say, that we should make a display of impiety and atheism; though it is necessary we should think in accordance with the rank we hold. All the popes, who possessed common sense, cherished those religious principles which squared with their aggrandisement. It would be the acme of folly, were a prince to give way to petty miseries, which are only designed for the common herd.

Of Justice.

'We as much owe justice to our subjects, as they owe respect to us. By this I mean, my dear nephew, that we must administer justice to mankind, and especially to our subjects, so long as it does not injure our rights, or prejudice our authority; for no comparison must be allowed between the rights of the sovereign, and those of the subject or slave. Be just and firm, whenever you are called upon to judge and determine any contest between one of your subjects and another. This is the only conduct by which you can acquire their adoration. But take especial care that such justice do not unthrone you. Figure to yourself Charles I., who was brought to the scaffold by that very measure of justice which the public voice is constantly bellowing after. * * * * I have often reflected on the benefits which may accrue to a state, from the institution of a legislative body, whereby the whole nation is represented, and wherein the laws enjoy a depositary. I am even disposed to believe, that a King is safer in his seat when he originates or preserves such an institution; but he must be a man of a benevolent character, and replete with good principles, if he be liable to have his actions sifted every day. But the Prince who is endowed with ambitition, must renounce any such an establishment; I should have done nothing, had my hands been tied. It is possible I may pass with posterity for being a just king; but I shall be denied the appellation of a hero. A constitutional sovereign is more commonly exposed to the vicissitudes of fortune than a despot; but then, a despot is required to be active, enlightened, and firm. More virtues are necessary to confer splendour on the despotic than on the monarchial state. The courtier flatters the latter, caresses his vices; and deceives him; the slave throws himself at the despot's feet, humbles himself to degradation, and enlightens him. For these reasons, it is more advantageous to a great mind to reign despotically, but more prejudicial to a nation to live under despotic sway.

Of Politics.

As it is agreed, by common consent, that it is ignominious and villainous to cheat one's neighbour, men have sought out a term which might soften down the thing, and have pitched upon the word 'politics' as most apt for the occasion. Be this as it may, I will tell you what are my own ideas of politics. According to my apprehension, my dear nephew, this word 'politics' implies that we must be constantly on the look-out to dupe our fellow-creatures; this is the means of getting the advantage of them, or at least, of being upon an equal footing with the rest of mankind. For, you may rest assured, that every state in the world runs along the same beat, and that this is the hidden motive which sways the whole human race, whether great or small. Starting upon this principle, you need not blush to contract alliances, and appropriate the whole benefit of them to your own emolument. Be wary not to commit the unpardonable mistake of not abandoning them, whenever your interest dictates; and most especially, you should vigorously follow up the maxim that 'to plunder your neighbours is to deprive them of the means of injuring you.' * * * We may divide this subject into 'State Politics' and 'Private Politics.' The first has a reference to none but the great interests of the kingdom; the latter, to the private interests of the sovereign.

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